

Religious Intelligence

"BEHOLD I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

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LETTER OF REV. P. FISK.

The following letter was addressed to the Society of Inquiry at Princeton Theological Seminary, and published in the *Philadelphian*. It comes like the dying Legacy of Hall, from the borders of the grave.

BEYROOT, Sept. 20, 1825.

Dear Brethren,—Your favour of May 24th, was not received till a year after it was written. It was, however, highly acceptable. You request information respecting Greece as a Missionary field. I hope the spirit of benevolence prompted the question, and will prompt some of you to investigate the field personally, and to occupy it.

The Greeks need Missionaries, for though nominal Christians, yet they pay an idolatrous regard to pictures, holy places and saints. Their Clergy are ignorant in the extreme. Out of hundreds, you will scarcely find one who is capable of preaching a sermon. Of course there is little preaching, and that little is oftener an eulogium on some saint, than an exhibition of Christ's gospel. The people are consequently ignorant and vicious. Before the Bible Society began its work, the Scriptures were rare, and in most of the schools that exist, the children merely learn to read ancient Greek, without understanding it.—Greece offers to view an extensive Missionary field; the different divisions of Greece, properly so called—the numerous Islands of the Archipelago—a multitude of Greeks scattered over all Turkey—convents innumerable—thousands of schools now almost useless, but needing only a proper organization and suitable books, to render them nurseries of sound learning. Nor should it be forgotten that the Greek church is intimately connected with the predominant church in the immense and rising empire of Russia, and has more or less direct or indirect influence upon all the oriental churches—Armenian, Syrian, Nestorian, Coptic, and Abyssinian.

The Greeks offer to Missionaries many excellent materials to be wrought into the great spiritual building—powerful intellect, lively imagination, zeal, energy, enterprize, enthusiasm, love of learning and liberty, which 400 years' barbarous slavery have not been able to destroy; an earnest desire for civilization; a remembrance of what their fathers were, and the hope of being what England and America now are, and all these traits of character brought into action by the idea that the present is the period of their national regeneration.

The Greek church itself opens the door to Missionaries. It has always allowed the distribution of the Scriptures, and has had disputes with Pa-

pists on this point. The Greek Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops, have generally favored the cause of the Bible Society, and have more than once written pastoral letters to recommend its object.

We have printed many thousand tracts in Greek—they have been received with pleasure, and ecclesiastics and dignitaries of the church assist in distributing them. Among these tracts are the Dairyman's Daughter, Young Cottager, William Kelly, Leslie's method with Deists, Watts on the End of Time, Dr. Green's Question and Counsel, and many others translated from the English.—To the schools and convents we have free access for the distribution of Scriptures and tracts, and do not often meet with Greeks who oppose our work.

Several important errors of the Papists have never been admitted by the Greeks, such as Papal supremacy, purgatory, selling indulgencies, the inquisition, forbidding the Scriptures, and giving the Lord's Supper in only one kind.

The Greeks however pray to saints, and enjoin auricular confession, and pray for the dead, and know of no other regeneration than baptism.

The present is the time for a Mission to Greece. The nation is roused—the elements of national and individual character are all in motion. An impression, a turn of public opinion, the commencement of institutions which at another time would require years, might now be effected at once.

It is desirable that the time of political revolution should also be a period of religious reform.

Americans should undertake this Mission. The prejudices of Greece are all in her favour, and strongly so in preference to every other nation on earth except the English. There is no time to be lost. It is even now too late. The Missionaries should ere this have been near the field learning the language and preparing to act. Brethren, let no more time be lost. We who have been sent to other parts around the Mediterranean, call to you to come *literally* into Macedonia and help us.—Who would not love to preach in Greek on Mars hill? Whose soul would not be filled with holy joy and trembling at the thought of writing letters to evangelical churches planted by his own preaching in Corinth and Thessalonica?—And methinks the dullest imagination would be fired with a poet's flame on sitting down in sight of Mount Parnassus, or on its summit, to give David's songs a Greek dress. And how ought a Christian from America to feel at the thought of introducing Christianity into such a nation as Greece, at the very commencement of its political existence.

Brethren, if I knew you personally, I would call

some of you by name, and put the question to your consciences before God, and in the anticipation of the day of judgment, "Will you espouse the cause of the Greeks, not politically but religiously? Will you not call on the public to send them bibles and messengers of peace? Will you be the first man to undertake the work?" A spirit of cold calculation may begin to enumerate the difficulties and disappointments that may attend the enterprise; but to all such calculations I answer the time has not yet arrived when Missions to the heathen are to be carried on without trials, crosses and sacrifices, and long patience. Let any man undertake it full of this impression and he will not be disappointed. Brethren, I repeat my plea in behalf of Greece. Are there not two among you who will, after mature deliberation and earnest prayer, consecrate yourselves to this work?—May the Lord guide you and bless you.

The brethren who are with me, send you their Christian salutations, and we unitedly request your prayers for us and our mission.

In the bonds of Christian brotherhood,

Truly and affectionately yours,

PLINY FISK.

INDIAN IMPROVEMENT.

Extracts from the Quarterly Report of the Choctaw Academy and Missionary Station, near the Blue Springs, Scott Co., Ky., ending on the 31st day of October, 1826.

This School now consists of 53 Choctaws, 13 Creeks, and 1 Potawatamy, making a total of 67 Indian youths. The most perfect harmony exists among the boys of the different tribes, and although the Choctaws have evinced such genius for learning, yet the Creeks will not be their inferiors. The prospects of improvement, both of the Creeks and Choctaws, are of the most flattering kind. Each party has become zealous to excel in learning and politeness.

To maintain perpetual good order at meals, I march at the head of the 53 Choctaws, and one of my assistants at the head of the 13 Creeks, to the dining room, where we all eat together in the same house and at the same time. The boys are in fine health and spirits, well provided for, and much pleased with their situation.

The Academy is now sufficiently large for the accommodation of upwards of 100 students, and, with the three assistants I now have, 150 youths can be conveniently instructed. I am happy to state that the Indian youths, as well as the white boys, have generally conducted themselves well, and given but little trouble in school, considering their number. Nothing is wanted but a continuance of that industry and perseverance heretofore used, to make this Institution fully meet the views of its most sanguine patrons.

Every thing for the comfort and convenience of the students is provided for them. Their morals and manners are strictly regarded, as well as every thing that tends to their future usefulness.

THOMAS HENDERSON,

Tutor and Superintendent.

SPECIMENS OF INDIAN ELOCUTION.

By pupils at the Choctaw Academy, Kentucky.

The following are reports of Speeches of two Choctaw youths, who are now receiving instruc-

tions at the Great Crossings, in Kentucky. The school at that place has the title of the Choctaw Academy, and is supported out of provisions made by the Choctaws themselves, in their Treaties with the United States Government. It is under the direction of the Baptist General Convention, which is responsible to the Government for the faithful application of the money appropriated for its support, under regulations of the Department of War. These Letters are the productions of Indian boys, who, a few years ago, were totally ignorant of the power of the English language, and still more of the use of letters. In this view these effusions of unsophisticated minds, addressed to their benevolent benefactors, are quite interesting. The name of the Speaker is appended to each of them.

MY FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN,—The long expected and happy period has arrived, when it is in our power to take you by the hand and welcome you to the Blue Spring, the seat of our Choctaw Academy. My heart, my friends, is overflowing with joy at this happy meeting, and long may this joy continue to animate us with one sentiment in honor and devotion to our studies. The Choctaws have taken the lead, in establishing our Academy, amidst our white brethren, and we are under great obligations to our Nation, for the honor and the advantage of taking the first fruit of this noble Institution. Let us recollect that it is our duty to act in such a manner as to elevate our character in the sight of Heaven, that we may return to the bosom of friends and relations with gladness and delight. Already have the Creeks knocked at the door of the Academy for admittance, and we expect twenty students daily to arrive, and we have opened our door to receive them. The Northern tribes are also desirous to partake of the blessings we enjoy, and we expect to receive twenty of them next spring. This reflects great honor upon our Nation, and when we have left this residence, we shall leave behind us the children of other tribes, who will sing the song of praise to our Nation. Then, my friends and brothers, let us honor our Nation and ourselves, by a close attention to our studies, and by an honorable course of conduct in our words and actions, and Heaven will smile upon the Choctaws. We have an excellent teacher, and have nothing to interrupt our mind, and we are furnished with every thing in our hands, in the most convenient and comfortable manner. Let me again welcome you to the Blue Spring, and let us rejoice together.

GEORGE HARKINS.

MY FRIENDS AND BROTHERS,—With great anxiety and solicitude, we have expected your arrival at this place, the location of the Choctaw Academy. Although we have been separated from you a long time, by space and time, we have been united in our friendship and affection; and our prayers have been constant that the Good Spirit might protect and smile upon you in your journey through a land of strangers, to the Blue Springs.

My friends, we now welcome you to this happy and peaceful abode of learning and science, with hearts full of gratitude. We have tasted the advantages of our situation, and we know them to be great; we see the profit of advantage and honor to ourselves individually, and profit and pro-

perity to our nation. Then we congratulate ourselves that you are about to participate with us the blessings that we enjoy. Nothing, my friends, is wanting, on our part but industry and correct conduct: for we have a Teacher who would do honor to any Literary Institution, and is also a friend and father to us. His advice is good, and we have nothing to do but to pursue it; it leads in the paths of virtue and happiness. Indeed our white brethren are also friendly and kind to us; and, on all occasions, we have conclusive evidence that they are the friends of the Choctaws. Then let me exhort you to devote your minds to study; live together as a band of brothers; and so to walk in paths of virtue, as to deserve their friendship and good affection. At this place we meet with every friendly attention, and all the comforts and conveniences of living are furnished to us, without our being interrupted in our studies. And now in concluding, I invoke for each of you the blessing of the Good Spirit.

PIERRE JUZAN.

From the Christian Advocate.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO INHABITANTS OF THE MOON.

Inquisitive. Good morning sir; I am very glad to see you. Where have you been this long time?

Wanderer. I have been on an aerial voyage to the earth.

I. Have you indeed! I should like to make some inquiries concerning the inhabitants of that globe.

W. It would afford me great pleasure to give you information on this subject.

I. Well sir, the people there I suppose, are much more devoted to God than we are. Are they not?

W. O my dear brother, I know my answer will grieve you.

I. Why so?

W. Because you love holiness. Yet I must tell you that sin, the opposite of holiness, abounds in that world like an overflowing flood. The first parents of that numerous host of beings, broke God's holy law, became sinful, and their posterity imbibe a corrupt nature, and live accordingly.—Death follows sin, and—

I. Death! what is that?

W. The termination of bodily life. For after having lived a few years, their bodies become insensible, loathsome and putrid, and then moulder away.

I. Is this the consequence of sin? God forbid that sin, should at any time enter our world.

W. Something more awful still remains: the soul, the thinking part of the person who dies in his sins, descends immediately into misery too dreadful to be described; and this misery must continue forever.

I. O my dear friend, is it possible! and are they all thus spending their days in wickedness? are there none of them who are born with pure natures?

W. Not any; but our good God has given his Son to die for them, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

I. O, I am thankful to hear that. I hope that most, if not all who live there, readily embrace this offer of mercy.

W. Alas! many, very many, have "line upon

line, precept upon precept," and yet go on in sinful unbelief.

I. I should think those who have believed and do enjoy holiness, would labour earnestly to persuade others to embrace this blessed invitation. Pious parents, in particular, cannot refrain from exhorting and entreating their children to be reconciled to God.

W. I have been credibly informed, again and again, that there are many parents, professing piety, who seldom, if ever, urge religious duties on the minds of their children. They will teach them various branches of business, polite accomplishments and worldly learning, while eternity and its vast realities, are kept nearly, if not quite, out of sight.

I. Strange, unfeeling parents!

W. Another thing which surprised me much, was the indifference of many professed Christians concerning the spread of the glorious tidings through the earth. They seem to prefer spending their time and money in pleasing their eyes, gratifying the taste, and obtaining honor, than in diffusing the knowledge of salvation.

I. Honour! If they wish for honour, I should suppose the sure way to obtain it, would be to glorify God by doing good to men.

W. They want the honour that comes from men, and care but little about the approbation of God. I have seen men take the lives of their fellow men for the sake of worldly honour.

I. Surely this is not honourable among them?

W. In the estimation of some, it is. A gentleman, so called, will invite one of his neighbours to meet him at a certain place, and will carry his weapons with him—and take his life if he can. This is done again and again by men who call themselves honourable, and who profess to be governed by the laws of honour in this very transaction. They even call a contest of this nature "an affair of honour!"

I. I think reason would call it a shameful, yea, and abominable affair.

W. I think so too. But this is not all that is surprising in their conduct. Some suppose it honourable to lead thousands forward in the work of destruction. The charms of eloquence and powers of rhetoric have been exhausted to encourage men to kill each other with all their might; and frequently there is no assignable cause for this, except the desire of honour, and gratification of self-will. Yet these leaders in butchering are frequently honoured to the highest degree by the unthinking multitude.

I. O, praise the Lord that this dreadful kind of honour is not known in our world. But is there nothing honourable among them but cruel and bloody exploits?

W. O, yes. Some of them think it very praiseworthy to learn the art of hopping up and down in conformity with certain musical sounds made by a kind of stringed instrument. Others imagine that they add to their dignity by tying, pinning, or sewing pieces of gay-colored cloth on their garments. Yet with all their art they cannot equal the humble lily of the vale. But, thanks be to God, there are some who are wise enough to believe that true dignity consists in pleasing the great God, and seeking after eternal life. O, I hope we shall meet some of them in the world of immortal glory!

X. O.

From the New-York Observer.

TO PARENTS.

RESPECTED FRIENDS,—I know how painful it is to be told of one's own faults, unless, at the same time, some peculiar excellence of character be pushed into notice, to restore the equilibrium of pride. Grant me, then, this honorable postulate, that you regard the characters of your children as tenderly as your own,—and such an excellence is at hand. For the charge which I allege against you is, that your children, those bright ornaments of your summer, and solace of your autumnal days, possess intellectual excellences which you do not justly estimate. That you undervalue these gifts of intellect, if indeed you do, must be admitted to be a fault deserving reprehension.

If you call on me for evidence, I beg leave to refer you to the nature of your intercourse with your children. I ask, if you do not converse with them, and treat them, in your general conduct, as though their minds were incapable of discerning many of the most simple truths. Do you not avoid conversing with them on a thousand subjects, merely because you suppose they cannot understand them?

It is true, indeed, that, at this early period of life, they are unable to grasp the abstruse studies of science and philosophy, to any considerable extent; but, if I mistake not, some of you are as unwise in the management of your children, as if you should undertake to teach them even these. The arrow will be carried no farther by a bow entirely unbent, than if bent till it is broken. The mind, like the body, acquires strength by exertion; and, if neglected in childhood and youth, it will probably be nerveless in old age. I say probably: for to a very few the stores of genius are given in so large a measure, that no neglect, however great, can reduce the mind to absolute poverty. But, judging from your mode of conversation and intercourse with your children, it is fair to presume you do not rank them among the number.

You expect, then, or ought to do so, that their minds will become enriched nearly in proportion to their cultivation. If you neglect to apply the hoe and weeding-hook in due season, they will inevitably be overgrown with thorns and thistles. Sad sight indeed! Yet how many fond parents are compelled to behold it!

But great is the reward of faithfulness in the endearing relation you sustain as parents:—great even in this world, and still greater hereafter. What object in nature can so delight your senses, as to see the images of yourselves intelligent and thoughtful, rising above their equals in age, at least so far as intellectual qualities are concerned, beloved by their friends, respected by all, and promising to be an ornament and glory to your gray hairs! If you would witness this delightful scene, and partake of its happiness, converse with them, even in early childhood, as if possessing understanding and consideration. Act constantly on this principle, and you will soon find them to be such in reality. Rely upon it, they will not respect you the less, and they will love you more. You will become to them what the sun is to the earth—the source of light, animation, and happiness. Who is not entertained, when he is instructed, especially if that instruction be accompanied with the affectionate look and tender interest of a parent?

I have my eye, at this moment, upon a very interesting family, where this course has been uniformly pursued. The result is delightful. Most of the children are now grown up, and exhibit a maturity of mind, and an ease of address, as rare as they are pleasing. You would never leave them without regret, and never without admiration. Such, I believe, will usually be the result. Not that it will make all minds equally good—but it will make an ordinary mind good, and a good mind better.

The duty of affording such instruction to your children is the more urgent, because they can obtain it from no other source. They cannot find it among their playfellows, and they cannot find it at school. It is of a different kind. At school, they may acquire the elements of knowledge,—perhaps I must say, knowledge itself; but it is the knowledge of books. It is just such knowledge as a man may possess abundantly, and yet be too justly called a dunce. It can make no compensation for that practical information which it is your province to communicate, and is valuable only in connection with it. The union of both constitutes good sense.

There is another point of view in which the subject deserves to be considered. Ideas are like money at interest—constantly accumulating. One idea fairly in the child's possession at the age of three years, is more valuable than the same idea acquired at a later period of life; because, from the relation of one idea to another, it will soon gather others in its train, and these will perhaps give rise to another class, and so on. Add to this, that by an early exercise of the intellectual powers, a habit of thinking is gradually formed, which, in the end, effects wonders.

I will only ask you, in conclusion, to refer to your own early history, and recollect, as well as you can, in what estimation your minds were held by your parents. I do not ask whether they did, or did not, extol your intellectual powers, either by word or action, when in the presence of neighbors and friends,—but, what was the language of their general intercourse with you? Did they treat you as intelligent beings; or did they undertake to amuse you with trifles and nonsense? I hope the former. But, if so, you have great occasion for gratitude to heaven;—for such instances are rare. Thousands are compelled to look back with pain upon the days of their childhood, and lament that it was worse than wasted; when a foundation might have been laid for greater usefulness and eminence than they now enjoy, or can presume to expect in future.

That your children may be more judiciously educated, is the sincere desire of your unworthy friend,
WANDERER.

THE IMPORTANCE OF HALF AN HOUR.

How quickly has the last half hour passed! I involuntarily exclaimed, on looking at my watch, having been engaged in reading. Reflection suggested—Yes; and how many events have occurred within the last half hour. Imagination took the hint, and presented before me a sort of camera-obscure view of all that had transpired throughout the world in that short space of time.

The first object which attracted my attention was, a merchant who was pacing his apartment with an agitated look in his countenance; while a

letter which he had just received, lay upon the table. It contained an account of the wreck of a richly laden vessel, which he had daily expected. At half past eleven o'clock, he supposed himself worth \$100,000, and at twelve, found himself dependent on his friends for subsistence. Alas! said he, as the ledger on his desk caught his eye, What a change in the last half hour!

In another part, I saw a poor but intelligent man. He sat by his homely fire; the dying embers cast a flickering flame, which reflected in the big round drop that suffused his pallid eye. His children cried for bread, and his affectionate wife ill concealed the grief which almost burst her heaving bosom: the remembrance of better days heightened their present distress. Pondering on some plan to obtain a livelihood, or procure relief, he sat pensive and silent; when suddenly the door opened, and a messenger appeared, with an offer of the office of steward to Lord B—. The poor man started from his reverie, and clasping his hands, "God be thanked! My wife, my children, you will yet be happy: Oh! what has happened within the last half hour!"

The next object I noticed was a cheerful party assembled at an early hour, on a joyful occasion; it was a wedding. The bride, lovely and interesting, received the compliments and pleasantries of her visitors, and good humor and innocent mirth prevailed: breakfast was on the table, and they only waited the arrival of the bridegroom, when a servant entered the room, and with tears in his eyes, presented a note to his young mistress sealed with black—Mr. C. was dead. She stood a moment in speechless astonishment; the tearless eyeball rolled in its stoney socket, when a momentary gleam of recollection shot across her bewildered mind, and frantically demanding the carriage, she flew to the house she had so often entered with pleasure. His afflicted parents met her in the hall; she tore from their embrace, and rushing up stairs, sprang to Henry's chamber, where uttering a heart piercing shriek, she fell senseless on the pale corpse.—Oh death! death! how hast thou reversed the scene within the last half hour!

I beheld on the ocean a vessel laden with slaves; they were stowed in a gloomy and confined dungeon, into which the light of the sun had never entered, nor the common air purified its pestilential chambers. Their skin was lacerated with the whip, and the deck trembled with their half suffocated groans. Hope had fled, and despair brooded on their infuriated countenances. A dreadful noise was heard on deck;—all seemed in confusion;—a tremendous firing ensued;—the vessel shook as if shattering to pieces;—the unhappy captives gazed at each other with an inquiring look; but each only saw reflected in his companion's face the horror of his own. But what could the tumult mean? It mattered not to them; they were slaves already, and death would be welcome. They silently waited their fate.—The noise ceased; when suddenly the door of the dungeon was burst open, and their deliverers appeared, shouting "You are free." They dared not believe it; despair had riveted their chains, and a long deep drawn sigh from the miserable crowd seemed to say, "Do not insult us." The captain loudly repeated, "Rejoice, you are free." They sprang into the wildest demonstrations of joy; they jumped, they danced; language was ineffectual; the

grateful tear streamed down their swarthy cheeks; and clasping the knees of their benefactors, they looked what they would have spoken. Oh! how did they bless the events of the last half hour!

On the left side of the picture was a lofty bed, whose rich and splendid hangings displayed the wealth of the possessor, a nobleman of distinguished rank, whose life had been spent in the gay pursuit of every pleasure, a voluptuous and dissipated court could offer. But sickness had arrested his career; and his sunken eye and tightened breath, announced a speedy dissolution. His murdered hours stood in awful array before him; soon, soon he should be called to give an account of them. He exerted his last remaining strength, and tried to recollect all his good actions, or those hours he considered he had most improved; but alas! they were only as dust in the balance. The thought overpowered his weak frame. The hectic flushed over his pale cheek. He rolled his burning head on the downy pillow, exclaiming "Oh! that I had but one half hour to live, that I might —" but while the words trembled on his lips, the vital spark was extinct! How important, how invaluable is every half hour!

Do you urge that nothing very considerable can be done in half an hour? Let me remind you, that half an hour every day, wasted or improved, will amount to 184 hours in the course of a year! and can nothing very considerable be accomplished in 184 hours?

Let us call up the shades of the dead, and ask, What is the value of time? See, they shake their hoary heads, and pointing to the hollow grave, whence they have emerged, reply, "Go and learn there."—*Imperial Mag.*

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

MR. EDITOR,—In — lived Mr. —, who was brought under religious exercises of mind, so much so, that he offered to join the church in his neighborhood. The church required him to give an account of his Christian experience before they would receive him. He did so. It seemed satisfactory, and he was received as a member. He committed it to writing for his future satisfaction. In it he gave the dealings of God to his soul in awakening him to a sense of his lost state, in discovering to him the depth of his depravity, his utter helplessness and entire dependence upon Christ for salvation. He had imbibed the peculiar doctrines of the church of which he was a member; one of which was, that a soul once united to Christ by faith might fall into great darkness, and even open, as well as secret transgressions of God's law, without endangering its *eternal salvation*; that, being once in God's favor, we were always in His favor. Whenever he would fall into doubts about his state, or be in heaviness through manifold temptations, he would resort for comfort to his *written Christian experience*. He did not continue to bring forth fruit—"good fruit,"—but, on the contrary, often very bad. But on taking out and reading his written experience, his favorite doctrine had so trained his conscience, that it would hush with its accusations and murmurings, and he would go on satisfied. In process of time he was laid on the bed of affliction and brought down to the side of the grave. He despaired of his recovery, and, indeed, it became so doubtful, that even his friends began to lose the hope of his restoration

to health. In this state, conscience once more assumed her authority, and spoke with a voice that awfully alarmed the poor backslider. Here he was, on the brink of eternity, and without the evidence of his acceptance with God. The feelings of his heart, the blackness of darkness that gathered around him, and the awful eternity that he felt himself about to enter, conspired to alarm his wretched soul. In this agony he bethought himself of his *written Christian experience*. "Go," said he, "bring my experience and read it to me." One of his family went to the place where he had deposited it, and on examination found that the mischievous rats had eaten or cut it to pieces. On being informed of the catastrophe, he became still more wretched. He had no data—no evidence of his salvation—and he vented his sorrow in the repeated exclamation, "the rats have eaten my Christian experience."

Now, Mr. Editor, how many among the professors of religion are no better off, if they would take a prospective view of eternity, than this wretched man. The religion of Christ is a reality. It changes the leopard's spots, and makes white the Ethiopian's skin; it renovates the heart and reforms the life; it carries with it its own evidence to assure and comfort its possessor; it sheds divine light over his path, and carries conviction of its reality to observers. When the penitent makes a surrender of himself to God, it is without reserve. When the love of God is shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him, he has no undue love for any thing else. He only wishes to know his duty, and he performs it with delight. Reading the word of God and hearing it expounded, is food for his hungry soul. Prayer-meetings, class-meetings, love-feasts, and commemorating the sufferings and death of Christ, afford him more pleasure than when his corn and wine increases. The life he lives in the flesh is by faith in the Son of God. He lives, because Christ lives in him the hope of glory. A tender conscience, and a single eye to serve and please God, are his constant companions. In his closet devotions and in his family duties, he is the same undeviating follower of the Lamb. In a word, he mixes religion with all his concerns of life, and his religion sanctifies his worldly concerns to him: so that the testimony of his rejoicing is a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man. But if I see this professor afterward growing weary of his duties and falling off from his accustomed punctuality in his family devotions; if I find him less frequent at the house of prayer; if he has lost his relish for class-meetings, where he used to take sweet counsel with the children of God; I am fearful *the rats* have got in, and, if he is not speedily apprised of it, will soon *eat up* his Christian experience. When I hear a preacher finding fault with the hardships of his district, circuit, station, or wherever Providence has cast his lot to save souls, I fear *the rats* have devoured his commission from the Great Head of the church, if ever he had one, which runs in these words, "Go ye out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—*Zion's Herald*.

THE INQUISITION IN 1820.

The following fact shows that the inquisitors of our own days do not fall below the standard of those who followed the fanatic Torquemada.—

**** was present when the Inquisition was thrown open in 1820, by the order of the Cortes of Madrid. Twenty-one prisoners were found in it, not one of whom knew the name of the city in which he was; some had been confined three years, some a longer period; not one of them knew perfectly, the nature of the crime of which he was accused. One of these prisoners had been condemned, and was to have suffered on the following day. His punishment was to be *death by the pendulum*. The method of thus destroying the victim, is as follows:—The condemned is fastened in a groove upon a table, on his back; suspended above him is a pendulum, the edge of which is sharp, and is so constructed as to become longer with every movement. The wretch sees this implement of destruction swinging to and fro above him, and every moment the keen edge approaching nearer and nearer; at length it cuts the skin of his nose, and gradually cuts on until life is extinct. It may be doubted if the holy office in its mercy ever invented a more humane and rapid method of exterminating heresy, or ensuring confiscation. This, let it be remembered, was a punishment of the secret tribunal, A. D. 1820!!!—*The History of the Inquisition of Spain*, by, D. J. A. Llorent, formerly Secretary to the Inquisition, &c.

ON DISTILLING AND VENDING SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.

Questions.—Is it consistent with the duty of a professing Christian, to keep spirituous liquors for sale?

Is it not the duty of churches to reprove such of their members, as keep spirituous liquors for sale, and thus promote the destruction of the bodies and souls of men? W.

Is the business of distilling new rum a laudable calling? Ought not professors of religion who pursue their business for the purpose of amassing wealth, to be disciplined by the church, after being admonished by their brethren? S.

We suppose it is a demonstrable fact, that at least nine-tenths of the rum which is distilled and sold, is useless or positively injurious to the consumers, and to all connected with them. The sentiment, therefore, is about to receive the sanction of a great portion of the community, that the use of intoxicating liquors except as medicine is pernicious, and therefore morally wrong. It will then be a question, how far venders and distillers are partakers in the sin of the consumers. Those who sell to drunkards, tipplers, and unwary youth, to be drunk in their shops, will undoubtedly be considered criminal. And for many years we have wondered, how any Christian mother could entertain a contrary opinion. The more general sale, to sober people, for the purpose of being carried away, will not perhaps be deemed an "iniquity to be punished by the judges," or by the churches; but for ourselves, we could not keep a quiet conscience, and engage in the sale of such liquors except in an apothecary shop.

In going back one step farther, we come to the importer of foreign spirits, and the distiller of the domestic. Is the latter less guilty than the spirit merchant? In what is he more innocent? He prepares the means of intoxication and ruin; without which the merchant could not open his grog-shop, and the drunkard could not fill his cup. He

distills rum, with a full knowledge of its future use and of its deleterious effects. He distills it with the intention of having it so used, of selling as much as he can, and of making gain by the vices of the community. He is a partaker in the sins of the vender and the tippler. He originates the temptations to both. He cannot plead ignorance. He is morally certain, that every barrel of his liquor will make scores of persons drunk; and that every hoghead will do much to lead many sober persons along into intemperate habits. He cannot plead that these evils are but occasional and incidental. No, the benefits of spirituous liquors are but few and accidental; mere exceptions to their general tendency. Their whole tendency is, to impoverish the community; to reduce individuals and their families to beggary; and to hurry thousands to an untimely grave, and to everlasting despair. He probably says, 'If I do not distil spirits, others will; if they are not distilled, they will be imported. They will be had, and I may as well come in for a share of the profit.' But what a plea is this. If it were valid, it would justify any enormity which was ever committed, and which any two persons ever wished to commit at the same time.

We are sure this business of distilling is neither "laudable," nor justifiable. We believe it is utterly inconsistent with religion; and not less so with sound morality and patriotism. If good men engage in it, it must be on the ground that custom has sanctioned the practice, and that their minds are blinded as to the enormity of the evil. Perhaps it cannot consistently be made a disciplinable offence, till public attention is more turned to the subject; and till the evil is more generally perceived and admitted. That time, we believe, will come, and we have little doubt that it is near.

[*Rec. & Tel.*]

DECLINE OF POPEY.

Extract from a letter dated Dublin, Dec. 22, 1826.

"I do not build my hopes on a few conversions to Protestantism, but there is a system at work, by means of Schools and Bibles, which is silently and gradually sapping the very foundations of Popery. No doubt you have heard of the conversions which have taken place in the town of Cavan. Three hundred and three persons, male and female, have renounced Popery in that town within the last eleven weeks. The system is working elsewhere, and there have been numerous conversions in other quarters; but Cavan has taken the lead. It received the first impulse from Gideon Ousley's preaching in the street. But the people were prepared for such a work by other means. A few years ago the proprietor of the town, Lord Farnham, divided his estate into districts, and to each district he appointed a religious young man to carry the Scriptures into every house, and to read them, or procure them a reading in every instance where it was practicable. This I suppose to be one cause why Cavan has taken the lead in the reformation which is now taking place in many parts of Ireland. In every instance the young men appointed by Lord Farnham, were members of the Methodist Society. You and I well remember the time when it was very difficult to prevail upon a Catholic to hear the gospel. But glory be to God, the time has arrived when our preaching houses are crowded with them, crying for mercy through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ."—*N. Y. Ch. Adv.*

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

NEW-HAVEN, MARCH, 3, 1827.

THE SUFFERING GREEKS.

We would direct the attention of our readers once more to the plan for extending relief to the suffering Greeks, which is now occupying the sympathies of our country. The alacrity, and spirit of generosity with which this enterprise for the suffering and oppressed has been taken up, cannot but awaken summer in every bosom which contains the common elements of human nature. The general Greek Committee of New-York, have announced the receipt already of \$15,000. A vessel has been chartered, which it is intended to despatch, with 2000 barrels of flour, with other provisions, and clothing, this week: The returns from the country, it is hoped, will enable them to despatch another soon.* Our cities, towns, corporations, and associations, as well as individuals, have fallen one and all into this project. This is as it should be, from the necessity and urgency of the case: And our principal object in reverting to the subject at this time, is, to urge the immediate concurrence of those who mean to act at all. Do not the necessities of women, and children, and old men, who in the terms of their appeal, "are driven into the mountains, naked, and without food," call for hurry and despatch. This cry comes from a great distance. Half the winter they had passed amid the clustered miseries of a people expelled by war from their homes, before it had reached us; and the rest will have passed before our answer can return. But destitute of stores and commerce, and driven by an enemy from the cultivation of their fields, says Mr. Howe, in his recent letter from Greece, nothing but the succour of the friends of Greece, and may I not add, in America, can avert all the horrors of a famine the ensuing spring.

Alas! that distance and absence, time and place, should exert such a controul over the operations of our hearts. But so it is; we can be moved by the relation of wo and wretchedness, to compassion and condolence, but there our sympathy stops. The picture is too far off to reach us in all its strength of coloring; its glaring hues of reality become dim in the distance, to the heart's feeble vision. But what though we cannot be eye-witnesses of suffering, and our imagination fail of furnishing us with eyes, is the obligation of duty less imperative because its object is distant?—because the miseries of our fellow-men are too enormous to be realized, are they too great to be relieved?

There is a light in which the cause of the Greek revolution should address itself to the minds of Christians, which is somewhat novel; it is set forth in the following letter from the Rev. Mr. King, late missionary to Palestine. The considerations which he

* The Executive Committee state that the most acceptable donations will be dry provisions, shoes, and coarse cotton and woollen cloths. Remittances in money may be made to Lynde Catlin, Esq. Chairman of Committee, N. Y.

there addresses to professing Christians, goes to uphold us in an opinion which we have long since urged, That Christians have neglected their duty, in heeding too much the cold scruples of politicians, and neglected to remember this enterprise for freedom in their prayers to the throne of Grace, and the God of battles. Has not the world acknowledged that the struggle is one in which infidelity is arrayed against christianity, as well as despotism against freedom, genius and intelligence against stupidity and ignorance. Has not then the Christian an interest in its decision?

Extract from a letter written by the Rev. Jonas King, late missionary in Palestine, to Mr. Everts, Corresponding Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M.

"If the people in America could see unhappy Greece, sitting in the dust, in the midst of the ruins of her ancient grandeur, stretching out her hands as it were towards happy America; could they hear her sighs—could they behold the sorrows of her thousands and tens of thousands in captivity; I am sure they would extend the helping hand. But alas—the sufferings of a distant nation make but a slight impression on the heart. The sighs that are borne along on the eastern gale across the wide Atlantic, die away before they reach the western world; or light but feebly on the ear of those, who in that happy country, sit peacefully and quietly under their own vine and fig-tree, without any to molest or make them afraid.

"That twelve millions of freemen, who justly hailed La Fayette, with unexampled joy, because, in his youth he left his country and joined our immortal Washington in the cause of freedom, should contribute no more, than forty thousand dollars, to aid a nation struggling for the dearest rights of man—for liberty—for life;—that two frigates (which, were they sent, might even now save Greece) should be left upon the stocks, or one be sold to defray the expense of the other, is to me a matter of surprise.

"A remark was made to me a few months since, by a very respectable gentleman, which struck me very much. 'What,' said he, 'is the object of your Bible Societies? Is it not to distribute the word of God among Mussulmans and Pagans, to bring them to the knowledge of the truth, and to embrace Christianity? How few are you able to distribute among Mussulmans. But here you see fifty or a hundred thousand Greeks, women and children, led into captivity, to be taught the Koran, to be trained up as Mussulmans—who are ready to receive the Sacred Scriptures, who already believe in Christ—who now sigh to return to the religion of the Gospel; and you stand and look on, and no one appears to redeem them. It is the duty of the friends and patrons of Bible Societies to pour out their treasures, for the redemption of those captives, if they wish to do good.'

"I must confess that there is something in this remark, that looks like reason, and I am astonished, that Christians and freemen feel so little, or if they feel, do so little for a suffering nation.

"It is said, 'The Greeks are all pirates.' That there are piratical Greeks, I have had abundant evidence, in the loss of my own property. But that they are all pirates, is not true. The Greek government does not approve of piracy. But how can Greece, when struggling for life, not only against Turks, but Austrians;—I say how can she spare vessels from her little navy, to go and destroy her pirates? It seems to me a thing not to be expected—a thing impossible.

"It is said, 'The Greeks are divided.' That they are not united as they should be, I am ready to grant. But it appears to me that there must have been some bond of unity somewhere, to enable them to withstand, for more than five years, the united strength of Turkey, often aided by Austria.

"It is said, 'The Greeks are faithless—much more so than the Turks.' This comes from mercantile men, who are the best judges in point of trade. The Turk is the master, and has not perhaps, the same inducement to overreach in trade, as the Greek has, who is the slave, and obliged to devise every means in his power, to gain subsistence. But, in a civil and political point of view, I

do not think there is a more hypocritical, faithless nation under heaven than the Turkish. Had I time, I could adduce a multitude of facts to prove it.

"But allowing the Greeks to be ever so bad: What, I would ask, can be expected from a nation that has borne the Turkish yoke for four hundred years? I wonder that they have so many virtues as they possess rather than that they have so few. Whatever they may be, they possess genius and talents in a high degree—this, their bitterest enemies readily admit; and they are ready to receive the two grand means, and I might say, perhaps, the only means which can render a nation civilized, noble and happy—the light of science and the light of the gospel. The Greeks are every where ready to receive the sacred scriptures, and to establish schools for the instruction of their children. The Greeks seek after knowledge. Now, with their genius and talents, their desire for instruction, and their readiness to receive the word of God, what might not be expected from such a nation in twenty or thirty years, if they had their liberty? Where should the tree of science best thrive, if not in the soil which first produced it? Where should the fine arts flourish more than in the land which gave them birth? Where should the religion of Jesus find a more welcome abode, than in the hearts of those, who with all their errors, are ready to die as martyrs for his name? For the Greek has only to say, 'There is no God, but God, and Mohammed is the apostle of God,' and he is free—he is pardoned—he has all the rights of a Mussulman. But rather than deny their God and Saviour, they welcome the poignard that pierces to the heart, and bow under the scymetar which separates their heads from their bodies. Is there nothing noble in such a nation? Is there nothing that can excite the sympathy of the Christian—the compassion of the philanthropist? Can the scholar, can the painter, the sculptor, the poet, the orator, the law-giver, the advocate, the divine, all of whom must feel their obligations to Greece, stand and look on coolly, and see her butchered? A war, ferocious, horrible, exterminating, has been lighted up in Greece, and it has gone so far that she must now be butchered, or be free. A little band of men, poorly furnished with arms, without money, without discipline, have for more than five years braved the fury of the storm of war, and they are determined still to resist. The courage of Leonidas, and the fortitude of the first martyrs, dwells in their breasts. 'The children and the sucklings swoon in the streets,' they cry to their mothers for food, which is not to be found. The beautiful and delicate woman seeks death as a favor, from the compassionate hand of her husband, rather than be left to fall into the hands of a brutal Turk, whose garments are stained with the blood of her kindred. What eye does not weep at the remembrance of Ipsara, and Scio, and Missolonghi? What heart is so adamant as not to feel, at seeing thousands of beautiful damsels, with tears in their eyes, bidding farewell to their native land, wet with the blood of their fathers and brothers, going to drag out a wretched life in a Mussulman haram?

"If Greece falls, it will be an everlasting shame to every Christian nation.

"I ask not for war, I ask that it may be prevented. I desire not that streams of human blood should flow more copiously, but that the fountains already opened should be stopped. The gospel of Jesus Christ certainly breathes peace. But does it command me to look quietly on, and see my brother's blood shed by the hand of an assassin, when I might interfere and rescue him?"

AGE OF BENEVOLENCE.

Donations, to the amount of \$2,566 15, have been received by W. W. Woolsey and Moses Allen, Esq., of New-York, for the relief and support of the widow and children of the Rev. James C. Crane, late a Missionary, and afterwards Secretary, to the United Foreign Missionary Society. This generous provision for the widow and the fatherless, has been raised by contributions from the friends of missions, and a few of the churches. The money has been invested at an interest of 7 per cent., to be paid semi-annually.

LITCHFIELD COUNTY F. M. SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this important Auxiliary was held at Litchfield, on the 14th ult. The receipts for the past year amounted to \$1,464 64, which will probably be made up to \$1600, by subscriptions not yet paid in—making the sum total paid by this Society since its formation, \$21,597.

THE CAUSE OF THE GREEKS.

It is gratifying to the philanthropist to see so much disinterested benevolence manifested, for those who are suffering with cold and hunger. In almost every town and village, we hear of some good Samaritans, who are exerting themselves to preserve the lives, and promote the comfort, of their wretched fellow-beings in Greece; while others are "passing by on the other side," regardless of their misery; and some, it seems, would even prevent this heavenly charity in others, fearing that the poor among ourselves may suffer. Such cold hearts seldom, if ever, give, *because they are poor creatures themselves!*

The ladies of this city have just remitted, to the Greek Committee, a box containing 568 articles of wearing apparel, and also a list of sundries, for the destitute of Greece—intended principally for the wants of females and children.

We are requested to state, that they will, notwithstanding, continue to receive donations in money or clothing.

Five or six hundred garments will dispense comfort, and awake gratitude, as far as they go; but as many thousands, will go but a little way towards relieving the sufferings of a nation, expelled from their homes by war and famine. We hope, therefore, that the ladies of New-Haven will not suspend their efforts. Let them bear in mind, and the ladies throughout our country, that this sympathy for Greece has not assumed, nor can assume, a more beautiful attitude than this. The fruits of their kind and humane efforts, will not cease with dispelling woe from the forsaken hearths and homes of the defenders of Greece; but they are to cheer them in the fatigues of their watches, and clothe them with a panoply of strength and hope, in their battles for independence.

NEW-YORK CITY TRACT SOCIETY.

There appears to be a growing interest in the city of New-York, in the prosperity and advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. From its central and commanding situation, New-York is destined to become the London of America—the centre of benevolent operations, as well as commercial. And as the friends of the Redeemer become more and more acquainted with the objects and the success of those National Institutions which are located among them, they will feel the weight of responsibility that rests upon them, and be stimulated, we have no doubt, to come up like a host to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

The praise-worthy example which was set by the friends of religion, in the establishment of the American Tract Society, has been repeated in the formation of a Tract Society for the city of New-York. At a general meeting, last week, of the friends of Tract dis-

tribution, composed of Christians of different denominations, a constitution was adopted, a number of addresses made, and a subscription raised in a few minutes, at the close of the meeting, of \$771.

The New-York Observer contains some of the resolutions and addresses made at the meeting, from which we make the following extracts:—

"*Resolved*, as the sense of this meeting, That the importance and usefulness of Religious Tracts, and the Divine blessing which has attended them, call for active exertions to promote their extensive circulation."

"*Resolved*, as the sense of this meeting, That the goodness of Divine Providence, in including so many Christians of the various evangelical denominations of our country to combine their efforts in support of the American Tract Society, the delightful harmony which has prevailed in the transaction of its concerns, and the general success of its operations, demand our unfeigned and fervent gratitude to God, and afford encouragement for fresh and more invigorated efforts to advance the interests of piety and sound morals by the diffusion of Tracts."

"*Resolved*, That the present state of this city calls for the formation of a New-York City Tract Society, and that the Constitution adopted at the meeting of which the minutes have been read, be presented for the consideration of this meeting."

"*Resolved*, That it is expedient at this time to open a subscription for the promotion of the objects of the society now formed."

Rev. Mr. Somers of the Baptist church remarked upon the usefulness of Tracts as exemplified in individual cases of conversion, and also in promoting revivals of religion. He spoke of their adaptiveness to the wants of Society—of their fitness to check the progress of vice. If his ears were pained (as whose had not been?) with the language of profaneness, he had only to go to his Depository, which he always carried with him, for "The Swearer's Prayer." If he was called to the house of mourning, he could present, as he was about to retire, the Tract "To the Afflicted," or "a Token for Mourners." And so in other cases.—For himself, he said, there was no book in existence, except the Bible, that he valued so highly as the Tract entitled "The Great Question Answered."—It was acknowledged on all hands, that since the formation of the American Tract Society, less had been done to supply the local wants of this city than before. During the year previous to that event, there were expended in this way, from \$3000 to \$5000: since then, almost nothing. Our 20,000 seamen have of late entered on their voyages unsupplied with Tracts; the 30,000 or 40,000 of rivermen and those who visit this city in coasting vessels, have been equally neglected; our Alms-houses, Prisons, Hospital, and other similar institutions, have been almost forgotten. He hoped this reproach would be suffered to rest upon us no longer; and that a Society would be formed, by which these wants should be actually supplied.

Dr. Milnor of the Episcopal church said he highly approved of the object of the present meeting. It was time measures should be taken for the supply of our own City, and especially various classes of our population to which he adverted, with religious Tracts. The great increase of vice and immorality, luxury and dissipation, called

loudly for exertion by the friends of piety and good morals.

Dr. Milnor proceeded to remark, that he anticipated a universal concurrence in the expression of our gratitude to God for the union of so many individuals of the several evangelical denominations, in this hallowed work. When the project was first communicated to him, he had felt and expressed very strong doubts as to its practicability. Considering the existing variety of opinion on questions of church polity, and in relation to some contested doctrines, a scheme of a union of effort in the circulation of tracts, seemed to him chimerical. Much as he desired to cherish feelings of liberality towards his fellow Christians, and highly as he esteemed the motives which had led a portion of them to originate the measure, it was difficult for him to join in their anticipations of success. The subject, however, received, as it merited, serious consideration, and was carried where all our difficulties should be, and the result was his entire persuasion that it was a work of God, and that crowned with his benediction it must be successful. —Far beyond every expectation has it become so. It is long since every doubt has vanished from the minds of its friends, and even its enemies stand appalled with the unprecedented extent of that spirit of concord which prevails amongst us. Dr. Milnor said, he believed that for this happy union of exertion a substantial foundation had been laid in the Address to the Christian Public issued by the Executive Committee soon after the formation of the Society, declaring the principles on which its operations should be conducted.

The resolution proposes a second reason for grateful felicitation, that delightful harmony with which the concerns of the American Tract Society have been heretofore conducted. Its Publishing Committee, which has in it no two individuals of the same denomination, has published near two hundred Tracts, and sanctioned more than that number. Dr. M. said he was not about to assert that there had been no variance of opinion among them in regard to the merit of particular Tracts, or the views of some of their authors, or that a proper regard was neglected to their respective peculiarities. But he could say, that, with acknowledged differences in their own minds on some points, no difficulties of importance had occurred to interrupt the harmony of their proceedings from the commencement of their deliberations to the present day. Yet the committee are not conscious of having withheld one truth, essential to salvation, and are persuaded that if those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity knew each other better, they would love each other more.

The publications of the Society have met, as has been said, with a most cordial acceptance by the religious public. Numerous Auxiliary Societies have been formed. Those of several denominations have laid aside their sectarian character, and united in the general Institution. More accessions are expected; and the declaration of a venerable gentleman on a former occasion in this place, seems about being realized, that in these days "a man who sits down to write a sectarian Tract, will find he has a heavy work in hand."

Rev. Dr. Broadhead spoke of the doubts existing in his own mind, at the time of the formation of the American Society, respecting the practicability of so many denominations of evangelical

Christians uniting in this branch of benevolent effort; but he considered the experiment as having been successfully made. He thought the smiles of Divine Providence had evidently rested upon that Society; and so long as its Committee were guided to the selection of such Tracts as had hitherto been issued, the Society demanded the confidence and co-operation of the Christian community. He then related a number of instances in which Tracts had been blessed as means in the hand of God, of the conversion of sinners to himself.

The Rev. Dr. McAuley spoke at length on the excellent character of the publications of the American Tract Society; the neatness of the style in which they are issued; the soundness of the doctrines they inculcate; the purity of their language, and their adaptation to be interesting and useful to all classes of the community. There was no longer a foundation, he said, for the impression, that Tracts are suited only to the wants of the low and ignorant: he had himself read them with great delight; with relief to his own mind when it had been oppressed, and he trusted with much benefit to his own heart. He spoke of the great destitution of the means of grace in this city; and of the multitudes, not less than 60,000 he presumed, who rarely, if ever, entered the sanctuary of God. It was only when their friends died, or in some other season of extremity, that they desired the presence of a minister. By the frequency of such applications from strangers, those who officiate as pastors, have opportunity to know, better than most others, the extent of the moral degeneracy in the midst of us. To hope to bring all these persons at once into the house of God, was hoping against hope; but we could carry them the message of salvation by means of Tracts, and this was probably the most effectual method practicable, of gaining access to their hearts.

Mr. Hallock, Secretary of the American Tract Society, said he wished every individual present was familiar with the whole internal proceedings of that Society: that they could receive all the intelligence communicated—could stand at the General Depository and see with what eagerness the most heart-searching and awakening Tracts are sought after—could listen to the accounts of good accomplished through their instrumentality. They would be compelled to feel, that the representations made this evening, were no fictions of imagination or enthusiasm, but solid, substantial, sober reality.

He wished for a knowledge of only two points, in order to satisfy him of the expediency of the effort now proposed: viz. that God blesses the reading of Tracts to the salvation of the souls of men; and that there is want of their circulation in this city.

That was a most happy suggestion mentioned near two years since in that room by the esteemed President of the Society, that "the Publishing Committee should ever bear in mind the high responsibility of their office, and that no Tract should ever be issued from the Depository which does not contain, should it find its way where a Bible was never seen, nor the Gospel ever heard, enough of Divine truth to guide the ignorant and inquiring sinner into the path of life." The suggestion accorded with the views of each member of that committee; and as God had given them wisdom they had faithfully complied with it.

Communicated for the Religious Intelligencer.

Obituary.

REV. ELISHA COWLES.

When hearts, whose home was Heaven, like thine are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven, to tell the world their worth:
It should be mine to braid it, around thy faded brow;
But I've in vain essayed it, and feel, I cannot now."

To the feeling and reflecting mind, there is nothing more calculated to produce a powerful impression—to excite the deep and purest sensibilities of our natures—to wake the heart to sweet and pensive sadness, and bring before us the changeable, evanescent nature of every thing earthly, than the death of endeared friends. Who can see the young and the beautiful cut down by the insatiate destroyer, in the morning of life, when every path was strewed with flowers, and smiling hope was pointing onward to happiness still purer and brighter, without dropping the warm tear of sympathetic grief? And what person, who has any sense of the worth of souls, and the importance of time, can see those, whose piety and zeal in the cause of Christ, and whose talents and acquirements gave promise of extensive usefulness, arrested in the beginning of their bright career, and laid in the grave, without feeling the bosom heave with sorrow, and exclaiming, that the dispensations of Providence are sometimes wrapt in mystery and gloom? That man must have a cold and unfeeling heart, who can sit, at the close of an autumnal day, and see the pale, yellow leaves of summer falling from the branches, and scattered by the breeze, and remember how soon the fair flowers of spring passed away, without emotions of melancholy sadness coming over him: yet with these pensive reflections, mingles the pleasing certainty, that soon the flowers will arise, in all their beauty and freshness; and the leafy and tangled mazes of the forest again echo with those sweet songs which so emphatically speak the goodness of the Great Creator.

Man goes down to the grave, and where is he?—The green turf is laid over a bosom which once glowed with the loftiest and holiest imaginings; his voice is silent as the clods which cover him, as the grass which waves over him; the sentence is fulfilled, "dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return;" faith wavers, and unbelief asks, When, ah, when will he awake? when shall the ceremonies of the grave be burst, and the prisoner come forth to light and life? who is there, that from the dark portals of the tomb, has returned to tell in mortal ear, the secret, which one last agonizing pang, one breath for ever severed, presents to the immortal mind? Yet, blessed be God, there is a light from above, an emanation from beyond the sapphire sprinkled sky, which points to the "way, the truth, and the life;" and the still small voice, which is heard to say, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," also declares, "Though he were dead, yet shall he live." When, therefore, our dearest and most intimate friends are cut down; when our fondest hopes, and fairest expectations are blighted; when we see the deep shadows of the tomb, and the dark night of death stealing over those who we had hoped would have been useful members of society, stars in the church's horizon, and pillars in the house of God, we would not mourn as those who have no hope; nor, while our Saviour wept, would we pride ourselves on that stoical insensibility which has no tears to shed for others' griefs and woes. To us, whose recollections are endeared, which bring before us, with the sweet remembrance of other years, the virtues of our friends; which point out the path they trod to heaven; and show, that when all that is earthly is as baseless as the fictions of a fevered dream, there is a hope sure and steadfast, a resting place to the weary traveller eternal in the heavens.

The Rev. ELISHA COWLES, the subject of the following notice, was born, June 17th, 1799, in the town of Meriden, Conn., of respectable parents, who, when he was three years of age, removed to the town of Otisco, Onondaga Co. N. Y. In his childhood and youth, he was remarkable for the sweetness and mildness of his disposition, and though airy and gay, and possessing an unusual flow of spirits, he never suffered the kindness of parental admonition to pass unheeded, or with reckless indifference allowed himself to injure the feelings of his youthful associates. But while he treated the advice of his pious parents, who were assiduous in their exertions to train up their family in the way they should go, with the utmost deference, it was evident his heart remained untouched, and that he was "without hope, and without God in the world." God, however, who is rich in grace, had designs of mercy towards him; the principles of divine truth, early impressed upon his heart by the counsels, and nurtured by the prayers and tears of his parents, were destined, by the blessing of God, to spring up, and we trust to flourish through a glorious immortality. In the year 1816, during a revival of religion, with which the church and congregation in Otisco, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Wm. J. Wilcox, was favored, Mr. Cowles was deeply impressed with a sense of his guilty and hopeless situation. His convictions were deep and pungent, but silent and unobtrusive; he felt that against God he had sinned, and from His forgiveness and favor alone he hoped for mercy and justification. The writer of this, well remembers, with what tears of gratitude and joy, Mr. Cowles, when brought into the liberty of the gospel, ascribed all the glory to his Saviour; and the fervor with which he resolved, trusting in strength not his own, to be wholly the Lord's. In the latter part of the same year, he united with the church in Otisco.

Possessing a heart filled with warm and active benevolence, it cannot be considered strange, that the deplorable situation of those who have never heard of a Saviour, should have engaged his deepest sympathy, and most fervent prayers. The public in America had but just begun to awake to the importance of Missions; but the cry, "Come over and help us," which was heard at once from the spicy groves of India, the coral isles of the deep blue Pacific, the wilds of Africa, and our own pathless and untrodden wilderness, awakened in his bosom an earnest desire, to be active and useful in the great work of evangelizing the world; and his answer to the pleadings of sinful and suffering humanity was, "Here am I, Lord, send me." Accordingly, after a season spent in humble and earnest prayer to God, for his direction and blessing; and after consulting his friends, he determined to devote himself to the work of the ministry, with the intention of becoming a Missionary in foreign lands. His preparatory studies were successfully pursued, and in 1821 he entered Hamilton College. The study of the classics, which so often unhappily diverts the mind from the things of religion, with Mr. Cowles produced no such effect: his closet was not forsaken, and his exertions to benefit the souls of his fellow sinners did not cease. The vacations were not spent in useless studies, or unprofitable idleness; but his time was employed in visiting from house to house, in promoting revivals, and in unwearied endeavors to advance the interest of Immanuel's kingdom. At this time, some powerful revivals of religion existed, in the southern part of Oneida county; and Mr. Cowles was, for a considerable time, actively engaged in them, particularly in the town of Augusta, where the happiest results attended his labors. It was here, that his unwearying exertions began to undermine his health, and in all probability laid the foundations of the disease which terminated his life. On his return to Hamilton, he however appeared to regain his usual health, and prosecuted his studies with diligence and success. Mr. Cowles graduated in 1823, and in Oc-

tober of the same year, entered the Theological Seminary at Auburn. It is a laudable custom of the students at this Seminary, to employ some part of their time, especially the Sabbaths, in some of the destitute societies in the vicinity; and the beneficial effects of such an arrangement, have been already extensively felt. In compliance with a request from the society in Fleming, a town in Cayuga county, he spent, during the year 1824, every third Sabbath with them, while the remaining ones were occasionally supplied by one of the professors of the institution, or some one of the other students. In January, 1825, he received an invitation to visit Scipio, a town in the same county. He accordingly went, but found the religious state of affairs deplorable indeed. The inhabitants were divided, in their religious sentiments and opinions; there was no Presbyterian church in the place, or if one had existed, it had become nearly extinct; the most chilling indifference to divine things prevailed; and he used to say, that his heart would have sunk within him at the prospect, had not his reliance been placed on the God of Israel. In company with another young friend, from the same school of the prophets, he commenced visiting from family to family, conversing and praying with them, and they soon had the satisfaction of finding their labor of love was not in vain. The meetings which they appointed, were soon crowded; many were anxiously impressed, and the most careless and hardened were compelled to confess that the Lord was in the midst of them, by the blessed influences of his spirit, in deed and in truth.

Beloved and respected, Mr. Cowles continued with that people until June, when his declining health compelled him to leave them, for the purpose of receiving medical aid. The time spent by him in Scipio, he considered as the most happy and useful part of his life. At his departure, a church had been organized, consisting of a large and respectable number; a meeting house for their use had been erected; union and harmony had been restored; and many, very many, owned him as the happy instrument, under God, of their escape from spiritual bondage and death. On the 17th of June, he left Scipio, and returned to Auburn, where a journey was recommended as the most probable means of restoring his health; and in consequence he first visited his endeared parental home in Otisco, then his friends in Hamilton, and proceeded eastward as far as Cherry Valley. This journey, with a short residence, on his return, at home, had such a favorable effect, that in September he returned to the Seminary, to complete his studies. Although strongly dissuaded from this step by his friends, yet such was his anxiety to have his theological course finished, that he felt unwilling to listen to those who represented to him the danger of again commencing his studies, while his health was still unsettled. The long-wished result of his labors was before him—the fields were already white to the harvest—and he felt that inactivity, or idleness, was little short of treason against his Heavenly Master. To those who remonstrated, he gave Mr. Whitfield's reply, "better wear out, than rust out." The result, however, demonstrated that he had overrated his strength and the hectic flush on his cheek, the severe pain in his side, and the harrassing cough, which were his attendants, showed too plainly the unsubdued and unrelenting nature of his disease. In December, his complaint assumed a more serious form; and notwithstanding some short intervals, in which he appeared to be convalescent, it was evident that he continued to decline, and in January, 1826, he was carried from the Seminary to his parents, where he remained till his mortal career was closed in death. Here, although his complaints were of the most discouraging nature, alleviations of pain would sometimes occur, and a gleam of hope, faint and fleeting indeed, would animate his features with the thought, that God had yet a further work for him on earth.

If there can be a place imagined, where a Christian's faith and submission to the will of God can be tested, surely it is in a situation like that in which Mr. Cowles found himself placed. He had struggled through difficulties, sufficient to have damped the zeal of one who was less anxious for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, and had nearly surmounted them all; when he found himself thrown upon a sick bed, his hopes of future usefulness destroyed at a blow; and beheld the sword destined to slay him, drawn from its scabbard by hair-breadths. His confidence in God was not, however, shaken; and that sweet and intimate communion, with which his Heavenly Father had so long favored him, was not, in the least, interrupted. Hoping that the approach of the warm season would have a favorable influence, and determined, if his health would permit the journey, to try the effect which a residence of a year or two at the south would have upon his health, he appeared before the Presbytery of Onondaga in February, and after having passed the usual examinations, was admitted as a licensed preacher of the gospel. Soon after this he was married to a pious and amiable young lady, to whom he had been long and sincerely attached. But that deadly foe to human life, the consumption, "like a staunch murderer steady to his purpose," was not to be diverted from its fatal pursuit; and his friends, as well as himself, were at last obliged to consider his case as hopeless. The struggle in his mind had been severe, but it was now over; and "not my will but thine be done," was the uninterrupted feeling of his heart. Confined to his room, his Christian cheerfulness did not forsake him; he met his friends with a smile, and Christian triumph and hope irradiated his wan and sunken features. To one of his pious friends, who called to see him, and who, sensible that he had no hope of returning health, inquired, how eternity appeared to him, he replied, "When I think of entering that world, of which I know nothing but by faith, it appears tremendously solemn, and my feelings shrink back from it; yet I know that my Saviour will support me, and he can make me more than conqueror."—To his dearest earthly friend, who, standing by his bedside, and witnessing the ravages of disease, was unable to restrain her tears, he said, smiling, "My dear, weep not for me; if ye loved me ye would rejoice, because I go to the Father." To the last, he felt deeply for the situation of the impenitent; and but a few days before his death, while sitting in his easy chair, after remaining for a few minutes in deep contemplation, he lifted his hands, and with tears exclaimed, "Oh the dreadful state of the ungodly in another world."

On the Friday before his death, for the first time, he exhibited symptoms of derangement; yet his incoherent sentences plainly denoted the habitual current of his thoughts. Sometimes, he appeared to be arranging the heads of a discourse—at others, he was addressing an audience from the desk—and again, he would, in the fervent and affectionate manner so peculiarly his own, be addressing the children of a Sabbath School. On Saturday, he experienced a severe fit of coughing, attended with suffocation, which those around him feared he would not survive: after the most intense sufferings, however, he revived, and no sooner was he able to articulate, than he exclaimed, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" On the Sabbath, public prayers were offered in the church on his behalf, and on being asked what he desired should be the subject of their petitions, he replied, "That the Lord would grant me the strength and support of his countenance, through the dark valley; and that God may be glorified by all and in all."

On Tuesday, he was much distressed, but between the paroxysms of pain, he conversed with those around him, and expressed the unlimited confidence he felt in the merits and sufferings of our blessed Saviour. In one of the intervals, he said, "I should now

be indeed a wretched creature, did I not know that my God reigns, and that my Redeemer liveth."

The pecuniary circumstances of Mr. Cowles had been such, that he had been obliged to depend on his father for the means of pursuing his studies, with the hope of being able, at some future period, to repay him; but that hope was destroyed, by the same blow which levelled all his other earthly prospects in the dust. To the last hour of his life, that, and many other acts of kindness he had received from his parents, was remembered with a sense of obligation and gratitude, which nothing but death could destroy.—On Wednesday morning, his father entered the room, and taking his emaciated hand, inquired how he found himself. "Well, quite well, my dear father," was the reply, "the joys of heaven are in view, and the things of this world, and your kindness"—"Do not mention them, my son, not a word," was all the father could utter, and burst into tears. Elisha raised his head, looked upon him, and in a voice hollow and faltering with emotion and disease, said, "God bless you, my dear father, God bless you!"

His pastor, the Rev. Mr. Corning, who frequently visited him, called in the forenoon, but finding him so weak as to be unable to converse, read to him the 14th chapter of John, and prayed with him. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, he was seized with a paroxysm of pain, accompanied with faintness, so severe and long continued, that it was evident his dissolution was approaching: he was perfectly sensible of it himself, though at times unable to speak. His struggles at length ceased, and the family and the neighbors who had been called in, concluded all was over; when to the surprise of all, he exhibited signs of returning animation. His wife, who was standing by the bedside, anxious to hear his voice once more, stooped over him, and in a whisper said, "My dear, do you know who it is that speaks to you?" "I do," he replied, and throwing his arms around her, clasped her for a moment closely to his bosom. Then opening his eyes, and looking around, in tones hollow as from the tomb, and in accents rattling in death, with his head reposing on his brother's bosom, he requested the family to come around the bed, that he might speak to them for the last time. Addressing his weeping wife, he said, "My dear Emily, I leave you in the hands of God." Then to his younger brother, who was then a student of Hamilton College, and devoted to the ministry, he said, "Be faithful, dear brother, be faithful in the cause of Christ till death." To his sisters he said, "Dear sisters, trust in God, you know not what is before you, rely on him, and he will keep you under every trial." To his youngest brothers he said, "My poor impenitent brothers, may they be turned to the Lord; I beseech you to make your peace with God." To his parents he said, "Trust in God, my dear parents, he will support you." Then closing his eyes, he moved his lips for a few minutes as if in prayer, and then, in a audible voice, said, "To the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be glory for ever, Amen." His breath became gradually shorter, but as he appeared to have a consciousness of what was passing around him, one of his attendants ventured to inquire how the Saviour appeared to him. He instantly replied, "He is all and in all to me, he is all that I desire or want." "Can you rest in him?" "O yes," was his emphatic answer, and with a sweet and serene smile on his countenance, his spirit took its flight to the mansions of glory and rest.

"So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky!"

His funeral was attended on the next Sabbath, by a large concourse of people; and a feeling and appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Corning.

A few general remarks, and we have done. Perhaps there are few persons, who at his early age, have secured the affection and good will of so large a circle of acquaintance and friends, as had Mr. Cowles. This could only be attributed to his mild and affectionate address, which deeply impressed the truths he wished to convey, but at the same time divested his reproofs of the least appearance of bitterness and ill-will. Possessed of talents above mediocrity, his object was to improve them, as one that must give an account. Never have we known a person, who so invariably appeared to live in the light of God's countenance; his sunshine was bright and unclouded, and his communion with his Maker rarely interrupted. Secret prayer was his delight; and for years, unless prevented by extraordinary circumstances, six times a day his closet witnessed his devotions. Deeply feeling the importance of eternal things himself, he was mainly anxious that his hearers should feel them too; and while he denounced the threatenings of God's law against impenitent sinners, he wept at the awful doom which awaits them.

Thus have we given a short and imperfect sketch of the brief, but bright career of this young standard bearer of the cross. In delineating his character, we have had no intention of giving him perfectability—that is not the lot of mortals—he himself would have disclaimed it—"to err is human." He is gone to his rest, and his works shall follow him: happy "he who when his Lord cometh, shall be found so doing."—Friend of my youth—

"Farewell! O yet I breathe farewell!—it is a lonely sound,
While fitful autumn's breezes swell, and sadness reigns around;
Tears, silent tears, are in mine eye, and sorrow in my breast—
Peace, friend of early years gone by, peace to thy quiet rest!"

Revivals.

REVIVALS IN ONEIDA COUNTY, N. Y.

In a late number we gave an account of the revival in Utica, taken from a pamphlet lately published. The following are extracts from the same work.

Vernon Centre.—The revival commenced here in August, 1825. The number of hopeful converts is not far from one hundred and sixty-four.—The number admitted to the church is one hundred and three. Twenty-seven of these are heads of families. The converts are among all classes and all ages, from eight to seventy. The youngest admitted to the church is about ten years of age. Several of these formerly professed to believe in Universalism, and two were Roman Catholics. Only one among the hopeful converts, to my knowledge has turned back.

The means which have been blessed, were fasting and prayer, preaching the plain truth and the whole truth of the Bible; visiting from house to house, and meetings of inquiry. The church have been united in the work, with the exception of one member, who has since proved that he is not a member of the church of Christ. * * *

But what has appeared to me most useful, is an humble reliance on the Lord; an undoubting faith in his promises; working just as though we could convert sinners; knowing and feeling, at the same time, that it is Christ alone that can change the heart, and giving to him *all* the glory.

Mount Vernon.—The revival commenced among my people about the middle of November.

It was gradual, and did not become general till the latter part of December. The number of hopeful converts is about one hundred and forty. Fifty-nine have united with the Presbyterian Church; about thirty with the Baptist Church, and some with the Methodists. A number have not yet united with any church. The means are essentially the same as in former revivals, viz. preaching, fasting and prayer; visiting from house to house, meetings of inquiry, and conference meetings. Among Christians, a good degree of harmony and brotherly love prevails; considerable fervency in prayer, and fidelity. There are fewer symptoms of apostasy among the hopeful converts, for the time, than I have witnessed in any former revival among this people.

Westmoreland.—During the summer of 1825, the state of religion in this town was very low. A dark and gloomy cloud had gathered, and was hanging over it with discouraging aspect. The wicked had become bold in their transgressions, and the friends of Zion had 'hung their harps upon the willows.' While in this situation, the joyful tidings came, that the church at Vernon Centre was enjoying 'a refreshing from the presence of the Lord.' A few went over to see, and returned with a new spirit. Christians began to pray with more fervour. About the first of November, the church set apart a day for fasting, humiliation and prayer. The searching influences of the spirit were felt by many of the brethren and sisters. Our conferences and prayer-meetings soon became crowded and solemn. Numbers were deeply convicted, and the work of grace steadily progressed through the winter. The pastors and some of the members of the church visited from house to house. In all our meetings the distinguished truths of the bible were urged with all possible plainness.—The instructions of the sabbath school have been blessed. Eight of the teachers and thirty-four of the scholars have become pious. The whole number of hopeful converts is about eighty. Sixty have united with the Presbyterian church, and a few with the Baptists and Methodists.

Western.—On the last of Sept. 1825, the Rev. Charles G. Finney arrived in town. He commenced preaching three times on the Sabbath, and almost every evening in the week, in different parts of the town, besides visiting during the day from house to house. Professors of religion were urged to 'pray without ceasing;' believing the words of our Lord, 'that he is more ready to give the holy spirit to them that ask him, than earthly parents to give good gifts to their children.' Sinners were pressed with the duty of immediate repentance, by every truth and motive which the word of God presents, in language plain and pointed. These efforts were not permitted to be made in vain, even in this unpromising field. Christians were humbled for their past unfaithfulness, and led to pray as they had not prayed before.—Sinners began to inquire what they must do. Convictions and conversions multiplied and spread through the town. In some instances whole households were converted.

The number of converts in this town, and that part of Lee where the people attended meetings here, is supposed to be about one hundred and forty. Thirty-seven have united with the Presby-

terian church, on confession of faith; a number with other denominations; and many have not yet united with any church.

Rome.—All classes of people were affected; many who had regularly attended public worship for twenty years, and lived through revivals unmoved, were now made to tremble and bow to the cross.—Four lawyers, four physicians, all the merchants who were not professors before, and men of the first respectability in the place, are hopeful converts.

Sabbath schools have been established here nearly ten years. We have now evidence that the seed of the word has not been sown in vain. More than one hundred and thirty, who have attended these schools, are hopeful subjects of renewing grace. Children from nine to twelve years of age give evidence of piety, and their promptness in applying passages of scripture is truly striking.

During the greatest excitement, there was little open opposition. Scoffers were confounded: universalists trembled. Some renounced their sentiments, and were brought to repentance. The moralist was stripped of his vain covering, and led to beg for mercy. Great is the change. 'It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' In March, one hundred and sixty-seven were received into the church, upon profession of faith. The whole number received is two hundred and eighty-four. Upwards of thirty have united with the Methodist church, and some with the Baptists and Episcopalians. The number of hopeful converts cannot be accurately stated: probably not far from five hundred. Some of them were from adjacent towns. A number who have expressed hopes here, have not yet united with any church.

During the spring and summer past, meetings have been held every evening in the week. For eleven months there has been no time when sinners were not under conviction, and but few weeks without instances of hopeful conversion. Meetings of inquiry are continued, and a spirit of fervent prayer still prevails.

Camden.—About one hundred and fifty have united with the Presbyterian church. A number have united with the Methodists. Many give evidence of a saving change, who have not yet united with any church; and many strangers and visitors from abroad, were hopefully the subjects of renewing grace.

Whitesborough.—During the first four years of my ministry, there was a general work of grace, which brought into the church eighty-three members. The two succeeding years there was no special seriousness. In 1819 and 1821, greater revivals occurred than any before. As the fruits to these, one hundred and eleven united with the Presbyterian church, and many with the Baptist church. During the three succeeding years, scarcely an instance of conversion occurred. In the latter part of December, 1824, the day preparatory to the communion was spent in fasting and prayer and religious conference. The prominent sins of the church were drawn up, and formally read and confessed by the whole body. Promises also were made with respect to their conduct the succeeding year, such as the following;—'We will make greater efforts to progress in personal holiness.—We will converse with our brethren respect-

ting their faults, instead of talking of them to others. As we have opportunity, we will converse with our impenitent friends and others over whom we may hope to have influence, upon religion.' On the following Sabbath, the first in January, 1825, the church rose in the midst of the congregation, and after an address to them, renewed their covenant with God and each other. A deep solemnity prevailed both the church and congregation. On that day sinners were awakened. A revival succeeded, which continued till the early part of summer. As the fruits of this revival, about forty united with the Presbyterian church, and a number with the Baptist and Methodists.

The greater part of the subjects of these revivals have been among the younger classes of society. As few cases of discipline have occurred among them in proportion to the number, as among the old members of the church who were professors when I came here. About half the cases that have occurred among both have arisen from intemperance; and from my own experience and observation, my impression is, that intemperance is one of the greatest sins with which our church and nation is cursed, and a fruitful source of most of the crimes and immoralities which abound in our land.

In the latter part of the summer, four bible classes were established. The day preparatory to the communion on the first Sabbath of the present year, was spent in fasting and prayer, and the same promises renewed which were made on the preceding year.

Several weeks elapsed before any special seriousness was visible in the village. The church continued to wrestle with an earnestness and an agony greater than I had ever witnessed before. Some heads of families were in trouble; and such is the fact whatever may be the cause, that conversions in the village commenced among heads of families. The latter part of February, the attention began to extend, and in March was more powerful than any thing I had witnessed here before. Many old professors were convicted, and placing little dependence on past experience were anxious for present evidence of repentance and reconciliation to God through the Redeemer.

When the business of spring became pressing, the attention to religion in some measure declined. But convictions and conversion continued to occur through the summer. During the last summer, instead of the little circle of prayer in the evening, professors meet at five o'clock in the morning, at the ringing of the village bell. Most of those who have united with my church have been religiously educated, either in families, Sabbath Schools or bible classes, and are among the most respectable of the inhabitants. One hundred and sixteen have, upon examination, united with the presbyterian church. Forty-five of them are heads of families. About one hundred have united with the Methodists, seventy-eight with the Baptists, and three or four with the Episcopalians. A number of those, however, who have united with the Methodists and Baptists, live in the limits of Mr. Coe's society.—The whole number who have indulged hope is not far from three hundred. Several, and especially among the young, have not united. A number who visited the place from abroad became subjects. One instance only of backsliding has occurred, among those who have united with our church.

TROY.—The first Sabbath in this month was a day of peculiar interest in the Presbyterian church in this city. It was a sacramental Sabbath. Fifty-eight persons, who had been previously examined by the session, and publicly propounded, made a profession of their faith, and were admitted into the communion of the church. The whole number examined and propounded was sixty; but two were detained from the sanctuary and debarred from participating in the solemn scene on the Sabbath, through sickness. Of the fifty-eight who entered into covenant, twenty received the ordinance of baptism—twenty-four are males, and thirty-four females—twenty-five in married life, thirteen men and twelve women. Their ages extend from 16 to 87. Among the number are five who may be considered old men; one of the five is in his 68th year, and another in his 88th. The last mentioned person was a captain in the revolution, and commanded a company in the battle of Bunker Hill: and was present at the laying of the corner stone of the monument in 1825.—*Troy Review.*

IDLERS.

The Hollanders, in the early age of their Republic, considered idle persons as politically criminal, and published idleness as a crime against the commonwealth. Those who had no visible means of an honest livelihood, were called before the magistracy to give an account how they got their living; and if they were unable to render a satisfactory explanation on this point, they were put to labour. Those thirty Hollanders are said to have employed, also the following singular expedient. They constructed a kind of box, sufficiently large for a man to stand upright therein, and exercise his bodily faculties. In the interior of it was a pump. The vagrant or idler was put into the box, which was so placed, in the liquid element, that the water gushed into it constantly, through the apertures in its bottom and sides; so that the lazy culprit had to work at the pump with all his might, and for several hours together, to keep himself from drowning. The medicine, it is said, was found to be an infallible cure for the disease; insomuch that no person was ever known to work at the pump the second time.—*Brief Remarker.*

Obituary.

DIED.—In this city, on the 14th ult. Mrs. Huldah Johnson, aged 65; on the 17th ult. Mr. George Mack, aged 21.

At Colebrook, on the 11th ult. Widow Hannah Stillson, formerly Widow H. Gilbert of Weston, aged 81.

At Norwich, Miss Sarah Lanman, aged 17, daughter of Peter Lanman, Esq.

At Madison, on the 17th ult. Mr. Theophilus Scramton, aged 74.

At Killingworth, Mr. Caleb L. Hurd, aged 75.

At Black Rock, on the 14th ult. of a lingering illness, Capt. Caleb Brewster, in the 76th year of his age: he was a brave and distinguished officer of the Revolution.

At Rocky Hill, Mrs. Rhoda Jagger, aged 68, wife of Mr. Abraham J.

At Litchfield, Widow Martha Curtiss, aged 94, formerly of Wallingford.

At Essex Borough, on the 24th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Hayden, wife of Joseph H. Hayden, aged 25.

Poetry.

ON THE DEATH OF A MINISTER CUT OFF
IN HIS USEFULNESS.

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time—
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves; thy harvest task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

Go to the grave, though like a fallen tree,
At once with verdure, flowers, and fruitage crown'd;
Thy form may perish, and thine honors be
Lost in the mouldering bosom of the ground.

Go to the grave, which, faithful to its trust,
The gem of immortality shall keep;
While, safe as watch'd by cherubim, thy dust
Shall to the judgment day in Jesus sleep.

Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;
And all the ransom'd, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

Go to the grave; no, take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

MONTGOMERY.

ALL THINGS TRANSIENT BUT GOD.

Standing, as we are, amid the ruins of time and the wrecks of mortality, where every thing about us is created and dependent, proceeding from nothing, and hastening to destruction, we rejoice that something is presented to our view which has stood from everlasting and will remain forever. When we have looked on the pleasures of life and they have vanished away, when we have looked on the works of nature, and perceived they were changing; on the monuments of art, and seen that they would not stand; on our friends, and they have fled while we were gazing; on ourselves, and felt that we are as fleeting as they; when we have looked on every object to which we could turn our anxious eyes, and they have all told us that they could give us no support, because they were too feeble themselves, we can look to the throne of God; change and decay have never moved it; the waves of eternity have been rushing past it, but it has remained unshaken; the waves of another eternity are moving towards it, but it is fixed, and can never be disturbed.

GREENWOOD.

HOW CHRISTIANS OUGHT TO SPEAK OF
THEMSELVES AND OTHERS.

Matthew slightly records his own conversion, and in modest terms, "he arose and followed Jesus;" but Luke generously adds, (chap. v.) "he left all and followed him." [Matthew and Levi are the same person.]

Luke relates only the hospitality of Matthew; and Matthew describes only the sinners which made up his society, previous to his conversion.

The soul that has heard and obeyed the Saviour's call, will not speak lightly of its own sin, nor delight in dwelling upon the sins of others.—*Amer. Tract Magazine.*

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LOVE OF GOD.

Among men, an enemy usually resents a great offence, aggravates its evil, and meditates revenge; but love is rather grieved than angry, when an injury is committed; is disposed to pardon, and perhaps seeks an occasion to be reconciled to the offender. Such, and infinitely more, is the condescending love of our offended God. He who could, at any time, and by any means, take the deserved vengeance, stoops to send his messengers to assure us of his friendly disposition towards us; warns us of the danger of persisting in our rebellion; and "in Christ's stead they beseech us to be reconciled to him."—*Burder.*

INFIDEL CONVERTED.

Francis Junius the younger, was a scholar; but had imbibed a deadly prejudice against the truth of the Bible. His father perceived the fact in grief, and placed a New Testament among his books of study. The infidel soon finding it there, took it up one day, and thought he would just open it to view some passages that might meet his eye. His eye fastened on the text, "In the beginning was the word," &c. He was so struck with the text, that he read on through the chapter.

He found himself solemnly arrested with the divinity of the argument, and the majesty and authority of the composition, as infinitely surpassing every thing human. He says: "My body shuddered; my mind was all in amazement; and I was so agitated the whole day that I scarce knew who I was." He adds with gratitude;—"Thou hast remembered me, O Lord my God, according to thy boundless mercy, and didst bring back the lost sheep of thy flock." From that time the relish of his soul was turned from the objects of his past delights to the word of God, and the great and glorious things of his kingdom. Oh unbelievers of the word of God: ye must experience the same change by the Spirit of grace, or you must sink in eternal death.—*Zion's Her.*

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

The celebrated George Whitefield preached his last sermon at Exeter New Hampshire. There were at the time two meeting houses in Exeter, at one of which he was not admitted to preach; and as the other was too small to accommodate the multitude, he mounted upon a hogshedge in the open street, which was filled for some distance with anxious spectators, and held forth his peculiar doctrines in that impressive strain of eloquence for which he was remarkable, and by which he turned thousands to embrace his favorite doctrines. The evening after he preached at Exeter, he rode to Newburyport, where he died suddenly of apoplexy.

SCOFFER CONFOUNDED.

A gentleman in a stage coach attempted to divert the company, and display his hostility to the Scriptures, by throwing them into ridicule. "As to the prophecies," said he, "in particular, they were all written after the events took place." A minister in the coach who had previously been silent, replied, "Sir, I must beg leave to mention one remarkable prophecy as an exception.—'Knowing this first, that there shall come in the latter days scoffers.' Now, sir, whether the event be long after the prediction, I leave the company to judge." The mouth of the scorner was stopped.

A little girl being detained from worship by bad weather, was asked what she was going to entertain herself with during the evening. She replied, with a smile beaming on her countenance, "Oh, the Bible, the Bible!"